TWILIGHT.

Women, moths, bats, beetles, toads Love the passing away of day.
The graying of all colors bodes
To them soft circumstance, fair play
For purposeless activities
And undefined sympathies.

Now one's mind is like his dress-No one can its color guess; Now one's heart is like the sky— Changing, doubtful, rich; And conscience like the cross-roads sign That tells not which is which.

I take some vagrant scent for guide— Sweet-briar, Illac, mignonette, Woodbine, hawthorn, violet— And wander far and wide Homeless, nameless—kith nor kin— Nor law above me nor within.

But wayside things I gladly greet,
As of my blood's most cherished strain;
They feed me with forbidden sweets;
Though drawn apart, I'm theirs again.
I kiss the stars, I clasp the sky.
And with the clouds on hill-tops lie.

For I have doffed humanity And put a looser vesture on; Dead things have living tongues for me-In deserts I am not alone.

Though outcast, rebel, renegade,
Dark nature maketh me amends:
Her springs tabooed yield me swect aid,
Her creatures are my secret friends.
—Roger Riordan, in Scribner.

CAPTAIN PUT'S NOVEL.

"I must cross; my children are over But ye can't! The wind's jest a-tearin' ngs! 'T'ud take a man ter git the better them waves. I wouldn't try, 'f I's you.' And the boy, one of the genus so persistently haunting the water-side as to make the name "water-rat" eminently fitting, looked fortable. helplessly up and down the shore, and up the village street, wishing in the kindness of his heart that some one with more authority than his brief ten years of life permitted him would come along and put a stop to the hazardous undertaking. But no one was in sight at this precise moment. Yes, some -was walking, with bent head, unheedful,

seemingly, of everything about him.
"Oh, yes, I can go," the woman replied, in a dreamy, impassive way, as she busied herself with her few preparations. "I must, you know; my children are there—my babies. Help me push off, please."

"I kin help ye, but blamed 'f I hedn't ruther take a lickin'," returned the Rat, and

then added, as he complied with her request, "'Tain't the kind uv boat ter upset, but she may swamp, 'I she ain't handled right. When ye git out a bit where it's rougher, ye'll hev ter p'int 'er purty near up stream, er ye'll go out ter sea, 'stead er touchin' t'other shore." And then he stood and watched her, almost whimpering as he saw the clumsy eraft toss and pitch among the

Oh, yes! They could show themselves now, when they were too late to do any good. Plenty of people could come lolling around now. Here was the landlord of the — Hotel, stepping gingerly over the damp sand in his slippers, a cigar between his teeth, and holding his hat upon his head with one hand; and here was the strange gentleman—he had woke up at last—hurrying up the shore al-most on a run. Maybe they'd blame him for letting the woman go. They were watching her, both of them, while they made directly for him. Well, let them blame. 'Twouldn't be the first time he'd been blamed for what

he couldn't help.

The stranger reached him first. He was out of breath and excited, and asked, hurriedly, "Who is that woman, boy, and what sends her out there in this gale?" "Well, I dunno who she is, 'zactly: she

lives over 'crost there, some'rs. Comes over here ter pick cramb'ries. Comes 'ith some other women, gin'r'ly, but ter day she come lone, 'n the wind's riz sence. Said she must 'cause her babies 's over there." go, 'cause her babies's over there."
"I want a boat, and a good man to go with
me, to save that woman," said the stranger, turning to the landlord, who had now
joined them. "Help me to get them instant-

ly, please."
"I know who's yer man," broke in The Rat, almost dancing in his eagerness; "'n' 'e's up here 't the store—Cap'n Put, I mean. Sh'll I go 'n' git 'im?" And without wait-

ing for an answer he darted off up the street. Yes, yes-Captain Putnam. The best man about a boat and the water generally, they say—" began the landlord, but the stranger paid no more attention to him than if he had not spoken, so he wisely stopped at that stage of his sentence, and never fin-

There were several boats drawn up on the sand, some with oars lying in them and some without. The stranger, whose impatience seemed to increase with every moment of delay, laid hold of one, as though to push her into the water, saying, as he did so, "I suppose I can take any of these boats?"

"Oh, yes, without doubt; but you'd better wait till the Captain comes, and let him relect one. They are private property, of

select one. They are private property, of course; but no one will object to their being used in such a case, especially if Captain Put

The stranger's attention was divided be-The stranger's attention was divided between the street-corner around which The Rat had disappeared and the woman. It was growing dusk, and already the boat with its occupant was but dimly visible, as it tossed about, making slow way toward the other shore, while its progress down stream was painfully apparent. The rower was evidently toxing her strangth to the utmost but to ly taxing her strength to the utmost, but to very little purpose.
Presently the stranger uttered an exclama-

tion of satisfaction, as the boy, accompanied by several men, appeared round the corner up the street. As though too eager for ac-

with ye," said The Rat, indicating with a first of his hand a stout, middle-aged man with keen dark eyes, black curling hair, and full beard to match, who gave a hasty glance at the stranger—a glance which took him in all over—but without remark or pause until they reached the water-side, when he suddenly turned to the stranger and asked, "Now, who's ter be Cap'n er this 'ere expe-

ition—you er I?"
"You, certainly," was the quick reply. Without more words Captain Put singled out a boat, and with the assistance of several out a boat, and with the assistance of several willing pairs of hands she was quickly launched, and he and the stranger were ready to push off. "Throw in 'nother pair er oars from some'rs,' said the Captain, as an after-thought—"good strong ones;" and then to the stranger, "Ken ye steer?"

"Yes,' said the stranger, laying hold of the tiller as the Captain adjusted his oars in the row lacks, and then he added, just as

the row-lacks, and then he added, just as those about them were shoving the boat off, "Hadn't we better take another oarsman?"

"Hadn't we better take another oarsman?"

"No; two's 'nough for this boat—when we git the woman in!" Then he muttered, as if to himself, "Jest like a woman ter put out in a gale 'n' make somebody go arter'er. Seed 'er in a store on'y few minutes ago—little bit uv a thing." Then, addressing his companion, he continued, "Now, d'ye understand, we've got ter take them big waves bow first—when we git out 'mong'em, I mean—the wind's kinder off shore, 'n' they ain't uv much 'count here, but when we git to fall from his hands he mean—the wind's kinder off shore, 'n' they ain't uv much 'count here, but when we git out a bit jest p'nt 'er purty well up stream fer a while, en then we'll turn en cut the waves t'other way. Be dark in less 'n ten minits, though, 'n' we orter git es near her's we ken whilst we ken see—'n' blamed 'f ther' ain't a mist settin' in!'

It was true: there was a mist gathering, which, with the increasing dusk, soon hid both boats—the pursued and the pursuer—from even the keenest-sighted of the group

"Oh, it's nothin' 't all! It's jest fun fer Cap'n Put," said another, buttoning his coat and then plunging his hands deep in his pantaloons pockets. "What's he care fer this!"

fer this!"

"Cap'n Put!" repeated the first speaker;

"who minds him! He'll dew well 'nough.
So there's plenty others, tew, wouldn't
think much er rowin' 'crost here, with
nothin else on their minds but ter look out
fer themselves. It's the woman 'I's thinkin' on—overhaulin' her 'n' pickin 'er up—
'n' I say it's a bad job, anyway."

"Kind uv a crazy thing—the woman—I
guess," observed another. "Queer, anyway.
Nobody seems ter know where she come
from, ner who she is. Lives 'n an old house
close by the water over there. Been there

close by the water over there. Been there month er tew, er three, livin' on 'most nothin'—she 'n' er three little uns. Picked huckleberries some, 'n' cramb'ries. Come over here a few times with some other women ter pick cramb'ries, 'n' leave 'er child'n alone. Pick all day 'n' not 'change a word 'ith nobody, they say. Seems kinder in a dream er study, er else crazy, er somethin'. Well, s'pose we go home. No use standin'

"Hold on a bit, you! What's yer hurry?" said the old fisherman. "Seems ter me't we orter kinder hang around a while—here 'n down shore 'long. We might be 'n the way 'v givin' 'sistance, 'f any's needed. Don't know, uv course, what might happen."
"Yes, that's a good idea," chimed in the

'Yes, that's a good idea," chimed in the landlord. "Or, suppose one of you remains out, to watch and listen, and the others go in with me and sit by the fire. It's disagreeable out here. You can take turns watching, you know." Thus speaking he turned to go, while the others, in accordance with his suggestion, decided who among them his suggestion, decided who among them should take the first watch, and then will-

ingly followed. - Hotel had no bar, and Mr. Smith, The — Hotel had no bar, and Mr. Smith, the landlord, did not encourage loafing, but he could be hospitable and social, even with the rough, unlettered fishers and oystermen who composed the main part of the inhabit-ants of the little out-of-the-way village in which—coming in with the new railroad—he had lately established himself; and so he replenished his fire, and handed round cigars, and bade them make themselves com-

Two hours passed, and they still lingered loath to go without some inkling of the success or failure of the rescuing party; but when another hour was gone and nothing came of it, they "lowed" there was no use waiting longer. "Cap'n Put" was all right, wherever he was; and probably they were distance down the shore, a gentleman, a stranger—the boy had seen him get out of the hack at the — Hotel a few hours before than recross. They could easily find supper than recross. They could easily find supper and lodging with some of the fishermen or farmers over there.

"Talkin' uv comin' back,'' said one,
''twouldn't be no fun, that wouldn't. 'T'ud be a good many times worse 'n goin' over. They'd be fools ter 'tempt it, come ter think, once over there." So they dispersed to their homes, their long-neglected suppers, and their beds; and the landlord of the — Hotel, after another hour, fastened his doors, put out his lights, and consigned himself to the kindly ministrations of Morpheus.

Captain Put, I will explain here, was what people called a "queer chap," and one of the turns his queerness took was a dislike to being questioned. No one told a startling bit of news with greater evident relish than he. so long as you took it quietly and allowed no undue curiosity to manifest itself either in your words or looks. If you did, particularly if you began asking questions, it was all over; he would shu up like a clam, and you might consume with curiosity before he would open his lips upon the subject again. so long as he saw that you were waiting and hoping he would. A few who understood him well had a way of outgeneraling him when they had a partial knowledge of the news in question, which was to make a pre-tense of telling him the incident, filling in the links to suit themselves, taking care to make them wide of the mark and as improb-able as they could well be, when, ten to one, ore they were half through cital, the Captain, quite off his guard in his impatience and disgust, would snatch the story from their lips and tell it himself, unheedful of the grin of satisfaction upon the faces of his listeners.

It was barely broad daylight on the morning following the incident just related, when The Rat came running around the corwhen the tat came running around the cor-ner near the landing, the first on the ground in pursuit of news. His sharp eyes took a rapid survey of the river, up, down, and in front, and were rewarded by the sight of a row-boat, crossing, evidently, from the other shore and making for the landing. The wind had fallen somewhat during the night, but the river was still rough, and rowing was laborious work, even to an experienced

"Cap'n Put!" exclaimed The Rat. "Cap'n Put, 'n' 'e's alone! What's that mean? Hope ter gracious that nice, han'some gen'im'n ain't drownded. 'Tain't all on 'em 't throws out their silver quarters 's 'e does." Ere many minutes had passed several men of the last night's party, the landlord among them, all as eager for news as the boy, had gathered at the little landing-place, awaiting

the arrival of the approaching boat. "How are ye, Cap'n?" "Had a rough time, I reckon?" "What's the news?" "Where's your mate?" "How d'ye make out?" were some of the questions with which Captain Put's arrival was greeted—questions quite natural without doubt, but injudicious under the circumstances. He drew his boat carefully up on the sand, bestowed a good deal of care upon the proper disposal of everything about her, returned the bor-rowed oars to the place whence they had been taken, making pleasant remarks all the time upon indifferent subjects-the weather, the chance of getting a good haul of mack-erel after the blow was over, the prospect of an early frost, etc., etc.—and then took a bee-line for home, without a word or hint in regard to the matter which he was well

aware had brought them all out thus early. "Blamed 'f 'e don't need killin', purty near," said The Rat, almost ready to cry with vexation.
"Evidently there has nothing serious hap-

pened, or he would have behaved different-

ly," remarked the landlord. "Oh, he'll be round arter he's had his breakfast," said one of the men, "en then, ef nobody let's on's though the're anxious ter hear, he'll tell the hull story. He wouldn't miss tellin' it fer enythin', but he's cur'us,

Sure enough, it was not much over an hour before Captain Put lounged carelessly down the street, up the steps of the — Hotel and into the gentlemen's room, where the landlord sat reading, and silently handed him a note. Mr. Smith was so intent upon his paper that he barely noticed the intruder, and held the note in his hand several minutes before he took time to read it. He had had his lesson with the others that morning, and intended to profit by it. The note was from the stranger—his guest of the day before—merely saying that he would return and set-back tew their old level ag'in. But s'pose tle his bill some time during the day, or perhaps the following one. Suppressing all signs of satisfaction, the landlord yawned, crumpled the note in his hand, and went on with his reading.

Captain Put walked uneasily about for a few minutes, removed his hat and ran his

starting and looking up from his paper. Then, allowing it to fall from his hands, he turned his gaze out at the window, yawn ing, and remarking indifferently, "So people

say."
"Yis, Mr. Smith," repeated the Captain. raising one hand and bringing it down upon his knee again, as though to emphasize the proposition, 'truth is stranger than fiction.'
I've read a few novils in my time, but I know some facts thet would sound stranger in a story then anything I ever read in a novil."

their stories just as strange as they please you know. "Yis, but they've got to be proberble,

"Yis, but they've got to be proberble, don't ye see? The've got ter be proberble," argued Captain Put. "Now, see here," he went on, rising and placing his chair near the wall, where he sat down and tilted it back, raising one foot upon the other knee. "Now, see here," he repeated. "S'pose I's edicated so 't I's caperble uv dewin' it, en wanted ter write one er them novils, what 'ud ye think uv somethin like this?—I'll jest give the p'nts we see—the frame-work. like. give the p'nts ye see-the frame-work, like, give the p'nts ye see—the frame-work, like, tew be finished up es ye please. Fust, then, we'll say there's a young gal; kind uv a friendless, lone creetur'; one 't's allus hed ter take keer uv herself en fight her own battles; smart, 'n' purty 's anythin', course. Well, s'pose she's fit 'er wav along, en got a edication, en she's teachin' shool, some'rs in the country, 'tain't pertic'ler where. on'y I'd put it handy like to New York—handy like fer these city fellers, what like ter run out fer a few day's gunnin', er fishin', en sech. Then s'pose one er these fellers hapsech. Then s'pose one er these fellers hap-pened ter meet with this 'ere young gal in some kind uv romantic way—both ketched out in a thunder-gust, er somethin's the like
—that ain't partic'lar, either, on'y I'd make
it kinder unusyil—en he tuk a ter'ble fancy
tew her. En s'pose arter this he made a
p'int uv meetin' her every day a'most, on
her way tew er from school, en laid hisself out tew be 'greeable en pleasant es ever he could. Fust, we'll s'pose, she fit shy uv him-gin him short answers, en mebby not very civil ones, bein' a proud little thing, en kinder s'picious tew, on 'count uv hevin' ter look out fer herself all her life; en she 'lowed, uv course, that the on'y objict he hed was jest to 'muse hisself with her fer a while, en then go home en ferget all about her, whether she'd got tew carin' fer him er not; en she wa'n't goin' ter be anybody's play-thin', she said to herself, to be throw'd o' one thin', she said to herself, to be throw'd o'one side when they'd got tired uv her, er got a new one; en so he hed it up-hill worket fust tew get a look from 'er. But s'pose he wouldn't be bluffed off, but kep' follerin' her up, likin' her all the better for her offishness, allus treatin' her respec'ful, jes''s he would the finist lady, on'y he's determined to gain her good 'pinion whether er no, he was that stubbern, es well es likin' the gal herself. Well s'nose this went on all least s'picion uy how Tassy felt about 'em: the gal herself. Well, s'pose this went on all summer—she a-hangin' off en 'voidin' him, en he puttin' hisself in her way whenever he could make eny excuse fer it, till et last, seein' that she couldn't find any fault with him, en he'd allus kerried hisself like a perfec' gentleman, she kinder giv' in, en they got tew be sociable 'n' friendly like. Then s'pose 'twa'n't long afore he got tew likin' her so well that he wanted her to marry s'pose 'twa'n't long afore he got tew likin' her so well that he wanted her to marry him—honor bright, no sham, ner nothin' privit', but fair en square marriage—en arter a good deal uv holdin' back, en objectin', en fearin', she giv' in tew this, tew; 'cause, we'll s'pose, she'd got tew likin' him es much es he did her by this time; en so, tew cut it short, afore the next summer they was married, en he tuk her tew a grand house in the city, where she hed servants are represented by the didn't know whether she had much money with her er not—he allus gin her all she wantid, en never ast her what she done with it; but we'll s'pose she hed forty er fifty dollars by her, en she tuk thet, 'sides a change uv close all round; but nobody couldn't know that, en so they was all at sea everyway. Well, s'pose this tuk place in the spring; en arter ransankin' city en country everywhere he en his friends could think on, bouse in the city, where she hed servants house in the city, where she hed servants tew wait on her, en a fine kerridge to ride

in, en all so nice.

'Now, s'pose everythin' went on all nice
and straight fer five years er there'bout, till they' got a fam'ly uv three child'n, one uv 'em a teenty baby; er s'pose, though every-thin' went straight, she'd allus hed a kind uv a notion that mebby the time'd come when he'd be sorry he'd married her—'ud get ter think she wasn't quite sech a lady es he'd orter hev; that his fash'nable friends 'ud put him up ter think he'd throw'd hisself away on a poor ignerent country-girl-one 't didn't make any show 't all 'side him; en so, though everythin' went all nice, 's I said, we'll s'pose she felt kinder oneasy sometimes, 'midst all her fine things. Now, s'pose jest et this time a cousin uv his'n come there to make a visit.—How d'ye like it? Don't it sound like a novil?" he broke off suddenly to ask the landlord, who was still pacing up and down the room, and by dint of some watchfulness managed to keep up the appearance of being slightly bored.

'Oh, yes, it'll do—for a beginning. I'm off, but suthin' jest swore ter him that that after the sound of afraid you ain't going to take the world by woman was Tassy-was his wife. storm as a novelist, though. You'll have to

foot upon the other knee, "plenty more," he repeated, "ef ye'd care to hear it." "Oh, certainly," responded the landlord,

Before this time, though the Captain seemed totally unconscious of the fact, most of the last night's company had dropped in, one after another, all suspiciously silent, though, as far as other appearances went, profoundly indifferent to the story he was so carefully supposing. No not all. The sharp eyes of The Water Rat betrayed the keen interest he feit in the recital, or rather in what he hoped was to come; but he pru-dently remained in the background, having squatted himself in the corner by the door.

"Well, then," resumed Captain Put, "es I was goin' ter say, s'pose this cousin was one er these han'some, showy, what they call fas'natin' women; one thet could play the pyanner, en sing, en dance, en paint pictur's, en ride hossback, en dew everythin' 'twas fash'nable fer ladies ter dew, but what the other one—there, I vow! I hain't gin 'em any names; en now I've got the cousin in I'll have ter have names fer 'em, er I sh'll be gittin' 'em mixed up: so s'pose we call the gal (not the cousin, her we'll jest call the cousin, and let that dew), but the young gal: s'pose we call her Tasmany, er Tassy fer short, en the feller we'll call Javer. Ye see, I shouldn't want ter use names 't belong tew anybody else ef I could help it, 'cause they'd think I meant them, en mightn't like it; but I never heerd the names uv Tasmany en Javer 'cept es islands, so nobody couldn't take no 'fense 'bout the names. Well, now that's an actor therein. "The gentleman was tur-settled, I ken go on ag'in. Es I was sayin', bly anxious en 'cited from the fust, en grew s'pose this cousin could go clean ahead uv Tassy in these fash'nable 'complishments, es they call 'em, en that Tassy got ter feel kinder hurt en jealous like, 'cause she took so much uv Javer's 'tention. Ye see, we'll s'pose that Tassy was all took up with her childern, her little baby in special, en would'nt trust 'em much with servants en hirelin's, but would keep a good lookout arter 'em herself, so uv course she couldn't be a runnin' hither en you, ter parties, en concerts, en the theater, en fairs, en sich, en er hospiterble ter let her go alone, bein' a stranger en a young woman; en so we'll s'pose that she en Javer was goin' a good eel together night arter night, besides ridin' hossback purty frequent in the arternoons; en, in consekence, Tassy was gettin' more en that, 'stead er that, she overheard 'em-the cousin en Javer-talkin' privit', whisperin' en plannin' somethin', she couldn't hear what, on'y she heerd 'em say they'd take the childern. 'What! the baby, tew?' s'pose she heerd the cousin ask, en then Javer answer, 'Yes, the baby, tew; take 'em all,' en then the cousin say, 'All right,' er someones es well es she, en she knew't he wouldn't leave them, ef he would her. 'Course we ken 'magine it purty near killed her et fust. Though she'd been s'picious en unhappy, she hedn't looked fer anythin' so bad es this. She kinder counted on the childern to keep him stiddy-reckoned on 'em as ballast, ye see-but now she thought 't she's goin' 'ter lose everything all ter wunst-husband en childern all tergether. But let's s'pose she kep' cool es she could, thinkin', jest as she used ter when she was a gal, that she'd got ter look out fer herself en fight her own battles and not be beholden ter nobody, en so she didn't make a word uv fuss, on'y said

park, by George! she ups en hussels her things tergether—a few clothes en sich—en tuk her young uns en kited. En when Ja-ver 'n' the cousin come back, it was tew en empty house, so ter speak. Then we'll s'pose, uv course, that Javer was tur'bly

s'pose, uv course, that Javer was tur'bly tuk down; en uv course, too, he went ter huntin', all over the city, en the docks, en the hospitals, en everywheres, likely en unlikely, but without findin' env clew tew what had become uv 'em.''

Here the landlord broke in with a derisive laugh. "Your story is too weak in the timbers, Cap','' said he. "It won't hold together well. How long would it take your Mr. Java to find his runaways, do you think? A half-wild woman with three little children! No trouble at all to find them; could track them from the start.'
"There, there!" eagerly ejaculated Cap-

could track them from the start."

"There, there!" eagerly ejaculated Captain Put, quickly bringing both feet as well as his chair square down upon the floor, and holding up a restraining hand. "Now, what did I say? Ain't it so—jes''s I said? Didn't I say ter begin with that truth was stranger than fiction? Uv course, ef a reg'lar writer was a-makin' up this story he'd have ter make it all smooth, en plaus'ble, en jest es 'twould nateraly happen; but Pm s'posin' 'twas so—jest truth, proberble er not; en that, ye know, 'cordin' tew the text is stranger than fiction."

"Oh, well, go on, then," laughed the landlord, seating himself and tilting his chair back against the wall, with his hands

chair back against the wall, with his hands clasped behind his head. "Go on, then, in your own way, and I'll bear the text in

mind."
"Well, then," resumed Captain Put, taking his knife from his pocket, and, after carefully strapping it upon his boot, proceeding to trim his finger-nails, "easy er not easy, let's s'pose that Javer did dew everythin' 't anybody could dew ter find 'em—went hither en you hisself, had the least s'picion uv how Tassy felt about 'em; en what they was consultin' privit' about was some kind uv a treat they was plannin' ter surprise her. So, 'v course, we'll have ter s'pose that Javer hadn't the least idee what could possess her tew go away of her own free will, en he made up his mind thet they'd all ben kidnaped er murdered. He didn't know whether she had much everywhere he en his friends could think on, en gittin's o discourij'd en heart-sick thet he didn't care what become on 'im, s'pose that one day—long in the fall—Javer was walking 'bout in the city, skursely knowin' where he went, en he walked intew a rail-road-station jest es the train was 'bout ter start, en suthin' possessed him ter git

aboard.
"Tain't no matter how fur he went, whether 'twas one er tew hundred miles, er less'n either, but s'pose he stopped some'rs jest afore night et a little no-account place that was sitewated 'side uv a river. S'pose that arter a little, jest to kill time, he walked down 'longside the water-well, quarter of a mile er so below the landin'; en s'posen 't he happened ter looked back ter the landin', en see a little bit uv a wom-an jest pullin' out inter the river, en the wind a-blowin' a gale, en the waves pitchin'

"S'pose, then, that he hussled round en work in something more exciting to have it amount to much."

"Jest you wait; 'taint done vit. 'Course I should spread it out more ef I was writin' of paring his nails, turned his head upon it, 'specially 'long through the courtin' part; one side, and, shutting one eye, fixed the but, ye see, I'm on'y givin' the p'ints along
—markin' out the ground, like. Oh, there's
more, plenty more," eagerly explained Captain Put, hastily putting his foot to the floor,
changing his position, and placing the other
foot upon the other knee, 'thelegty more,'
the other ways. surf-boat ter go out ter take off the crew from a wrack, er any sech little delikit 'musement 'bout the water, why he's found ekil ter the next man—s'pose he tuk this fel-ler—'' here the Captain withdrew his eye from the picture and began carefully and slowly strapping his knife again—'en they startid. Uv course we can see 'thout any s'posin' that it wouldn't be any great trick this that they'd startid out fer, ony we'll s'pose 'twas gittin' dark a'ready, en 'sides there's a thick mist settin' in, so 't 'twan't many minutes arter they startid afore they couldn't see more'n tew er three boat's-lengths afore 'em; so ye see all they hed ter guide 'em was the wind en the waves. A body ken keep their course purty well by them, but then, ye see, they knowed that the woman was fallin' away all the time 'fore the wind en the force of the current, en so they hed ter make 'lowance fer that." Captain Put was evidently getting a good deal interested in his own story. Again his chair as well as his feet came squarely down upon the floor, and he put his knife in his pocket, leaving his hands free for gesticula-tory action, of which he was ordinarily very Very soon becoming absorbed in his subject, he unwittingly dropped the sup-positionary style altogether, and, quite un-mindful of the eager faces of his listeners, who, forgetting in like manner their caution, had gathered about him, the bright, shrewd features of The Rat peering from beneath the arm of one of them, went on to its conclusion exactly as though he had been more so es he see how fast 'twas gittin' dark, en I begun ter think it was 'bout an

> er not, when all ter wunst we heerd a scream, like, ruther ter leward en further down. 'Hullo!' says I, 'what's the matter?' 'Oh, save me!' she says; 'my boat's fillin'!' 'She won't sink,' says I. 'Set right still, er else git over her side en cling ter her. She won't sink. We'll save ye?' The gentleman said somethin' tew encapsion. tleman said somethin', tew, encouragin'.
> like, but I didn't mind what. Ye see, we'd
> got ter the p'int now 't I knew I'd have ter look about purty sharp. I turned bout on the thwart, so 't I could see where I was goin' en could steer my own boat. I knew, tew, that I'd hev ter keep my eye skinned ter keep the tew on 'em, when we did come up with her, from upsettin' our boat, fer that wouldn't ben a very hard job tew dew in sech a sea. Well, arter I pulled half a dozen strokes mebby, the gentleman hailed: 'Where be ye?' speak ag'in!' en she answered, 'Here! Come quick!' but ruther faint-like, en then in half a minute arter I seen her through the mist-er the boat; I

even chance whether we'd miss the woman

seen her through the mist—er the boat; I didn't see the woman at fust.

"Now, see here," says I, half restin' on my oars, Fve got ter mani) this 'ere business. 'Twon't dew ter hev any foolin'. Ef you'll jest listen ter me en dew jest what I tell ye, en nothin' else, I'll bring ye outer this all right, en the woman tew; but ef yer goin' ter dew one thing en I another we'll all be in the water terzether. 's like 's not. en then the cousin say, 'All right,' er somethin' uv that natur', so 't she jumpt ter the concl-ion right off that they was plannin' ter lope tergether, take the childern en all, en leave her alone. Ye see, we'll s'pose her alone. Ye see, we'll s'pose so 'cited en impatient-like that I s'pected to be a leave her alone of the cousin say, 'All right,' er some goin' ter dew one thing en I another we'll all be in the water terzether, 's like 's not, en I won't promise ter take keer uv both on ye.' Ye see, I was 'spicious on 'im; he was so 'cited en impatient-like that I s'pected the impair' overboard ter swim tew her, he'd be jumpin' overboard ter swim tew her, er some sech foolishness. But I got his 'ten-tion, en he 'lowed he'd look ter me en 'bey orders; 'on'y don't lose any time,' says he. We could see the woman en the boat both now, a leetle over a boat's-length away en tew leward, en that was where I wanted her. She hed did es I directed her got inter the water en was clingin' ter the boat. 'Now,' says I, 'arter a few strokes more I sh'll stop rowin'—jest keep steady en drift. We'll be in reach uv her then, en when I give the word you can jest reach out en draw the woman right alongside, en when both boats—the pursued and the pursued.

from even the keenest-sighted of the group on the shore.

"It's an ugly job," said an old fisherman, buttoning his coat and half turning as though to move away.

some lacts thet would sound stranger in a story then anything I ever read in a novil."

The landlord laughed—a little good-native but disbelieving laugh—and began walking slowly up and down the room, buttoning his coat and half turning as though to move away.

some lacts thet would sound stranger in a story then anything I ever read in a novil."

The landlord laughed—a little good-native be denoted ter nobody, en so she didn't make a word uv fuss, on'y said she rises on a wave you ken lift her aboard. I never seed a may be mustn't have no foolin' ous et the dinner-table, en then, when they ous et the dinner table, en then, when they ous et the dinner table, en then, when they ous et the dinner table, en then, when they ous et the dinner table, en then, when they ous et the dinner table, en then, when they ous et the dinner table, en then, when they ous et the dinner table, en then, when they ous et the dinner table, en then, when they ous et the dinner table, en then, when they ous et the dinner table, en then table, en

strugglin'. 'T seems she was a cool hand, tew, en knowed 't we could manij better 'thout her puttin' in her oar, en so she jest waited. I made him put her down in the middle uv the heat en go inter the how heat!' She 'thout her puttin' in her oar, en so she jest waited. I made him put her down in the middle uv the boat en go inter the bow hisself. She jest sunk right down in a heap, en never said a word, ner he neither, till I axed whether I sh'd keep on acrost the river er pull for this side, en then they both spoke ter wunst, and she riz up her head en looked at me skeert en pleadin'-like, en said 'Oh, take me to my children!' So I turned en pulled up stream fer awhile, en 'bout es hard pullin' es I ever done tew. The gentleman wanted ter help me, so I let him put the woman in the bow, en he tuk the other pair 'r oars; but 'twas slow gittin' along, fer we was purty well over, en 'twas rough, some, I'il teli ye. Fine'ly we both thought we'd better make shore, even ef we did hev a purty long walk arterwards. I knew the house where 'twas said the woman lived, en I knew 'n all reason we 's consider'ble below there, en when we struck the shore I found I 's right by 'bout half a mild. It was dark es pitch, en rainin', by this time. 'You lead on,' says the gentleman tew me, en I vow he jest tuk the woman up in his arms 's if she'd ben a baby. 'You know me?' says he tew her, en she said, 'Yes;' en that was all they said tew each other all the way ter the house. It was through medder part the way, en then through brush—awful—but we got there et last; en then, I hope ter die 'f I didn't see's purty a sight es I ever see''—with a half-laugh and a softening of the voice.

"I was the fust there, uv course, so I

voice.

voice.

"I was the fust there, uv course, so I opened the door en went right in. There was a candle burnin' in the room, en down in one corner there was a kinder little bed, en there up started three little heads, en 'Mammy, mammy!' they all chirped out, jest fer all the world like three little birds in a nest. Then, seein' a rough feller like me, they begun ter look skeery; en the boy, the biggest one, hussled up, en stood on the floor 'tween me en the little uns, with his for'ed puckered down over his eyes, his little white teeth shinin' en his mites uv fists doubled. I hed ter lsugh right out. tle white teeth shinin' en his mites uv fists doubled. I bed ter laugh right out. 'Twas like seein' a kitten with its back up at a big dog. Then, seein' a tall man holding his mother, 'Yew leave my mammy—' he begun, en then, 'Oh, pappy! Pappy's come!' says he, en run toward 'em; en the little girl come a-laughin' en screamin', 'Pappy! pappy!' the baby wa'n't big enough ter dew anythin' but hold out its ban's en screech en scream: an I guess noenough ter dew anythin' but hold out its han's en screech en scream; en I guess nobody couldn't tell what happened next; anyways, I couldn't, fer I was busy gittin'a fire a-goin' in the big fire-place; en 'twa'n't long 'fore I hed a roarin' one, ye better b'lieve. Purty soon the young uns begun ter ask fer supper, en then the pore woman hed ter own up thet ther' warn't a mouthful in the house—they'd eat the last fer breakfast. She was bringin' some pervisions in her boat, but they was all lost, uv course. So the next thing fer me was ter lite out arter suthin'. 'Twas more'n a mild ter the nearest house, but I didn't let no grass grow under my feet, yew may bet. I told the folks ter let me have milk, en bread, en butter, en eggs, en enythin' else they hed handy 'et was good; 'nough ter last a family tew days; en I went back with a back-load en both han's full. 'Twas fun ter see them little en I went back with a back-load en both han's full. 'Twas fun ter see them little fellers put away the bread en milk, chatterin' en laughin' all the time, till they fairly dropped to sleep eatin' en talkin'. Arter they was tucked away some'rs, them tew folks sot there by the fire en talked en talked, en explained, en cleared up everythin'. thin', en didn't make no more 'count uv my bein' there 'n ef I'd ben stone deef.''

Captain Put rose, walked across the room to the water-pitcher, and helped himself to

"Is that the end of your novel?" asked the landlord, also rising.
"Them's all the p'ints," he answered, set-"Them's all the p'ints," he answered, setting down his glass; and then, perhaps fancying he saw signs of unappeased curiosity in some of the faces about him, he went to the door, looked critically about at the river and sky and remarked that the wind was the baulin' round more no'the," gave his hat a fresh cant to one side, and, with his hands in his pockets, walked leisurely down the steps and away .- Lippincott's Magazine.

How to Increase the Yield of Corn.

A thorough, deep cultivation, close to the hills, just previous to the appearance of the tassel, may be expected, on rich mule; the band who went to the "cassoil, to increase the crop very largely. This cultivation is root-pruning. The object is to check the plant for a short time, while the plant is in the vigor of growth, so that the juices shall have time for elaboration, and thus the direction of the vigor shall become changed county. Then all is joy and peace, evfrom leaf-growth to the formation and erything is forgiven, and as the sun increased development of the kernels goes down everybody takes a seat on

and ears. Let the inquisitive observer now take a stalk of corn, and, with a sharp knife, divide at each joint. A little care will enable the experimenter to dissect from the five lower joints, in many varieties, a The Pleasure of Living Near a Volcano. small embryo ear of corn. Let a small magnifying glass be applied, and these small ears will be seen to be covered with kernels ready for fertilization, when a little more growth is attained. It will also be noticed that the upper of these ears is the largest, and that their size diminishes as they are taken from the nodes lower down. In the ordinary course of growth, the upper ear attains is ripeness for the pollen the first, and this while the pollen is falling from the tassels. When the second little ear has attained its ripeness for fertilization, the pollen has now fallen, and not receiving the fruitful adjunct, the ear ceases growth and gradually withers. Now by root-pruning, or other agency which at this period shall check extension of leaf, we delay the growth of the upper ear, and of the pollen-bearing stalk, and give opportunity for the lower ears to catch up. I have known a judicious system of root-pruning, as practiced on experi-mental plats, to treble the corn-field, and in the case of single hills, I have forced one seed to bear twenty-three ears of

corn. Of course, if the soil is too infertile to bear more than a small crop, there is no gain in stimulating the plant to form more ears than the fertility of the land can carry, but on land rich enough for 100 bushels of crop, it is certainly unwise to be satisfied with a nominal yield of

forty or fifty bushels. One consideration takes this instruc tion from the censure of being merely theoretical. This is written at a season when any doubting farmer can easily verify the statements, both by examining the stalks now growing and by measuring off two small plats and heavily root-pruning one. The yield at harvest of these two plats will indicate quite clearly the nature of this advice.

I find no difficulty now in attaining a crop of seventy-five or eighty bushels on large areas, where a few years ago I was satisfied with a crop of fifty bushels per acre for a small area. Mr. Bowditch, by very severe root-pruning, averaged last year on a field of seventeen acres, to which no hand labor had been applied, 100 measured bushels per acre. Other instances of success could be offered if needed. I trust some few will read these remarks, and will test the matter carefully, and report the results to the editor of the Republican. - Cor. Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

-Grained wood should be washed

Going Berrying.

One of the romantic episodes of a two weeks' stay at a Michigan summer re-sort is going berrying. Nature has been pleased to establish a huckleberry swamp pleased to establish a huckleberry swamp or a blackberry patch within three miles of every village, lake, bay or grove in the State which claims to be a summer resort. The excursion to the swamp is the idea either of an old fiend who wants the whole hotel to himself for the day, or else of some romantic young lady who doesn't know a huckleberry from a pumpkin. The party start very early in doesn't know a huckleberry from a pumpkin. The party start very early in the morning to avoid the heat, and they walk in order to gather bouquets. Also, in order to fall over roots, plunge over rotten logs, wrestle with nettles and drop into concealed holes and bogs. The theological student from Kalamazoo says something about mosquitoes, and receives a reprimand that chills his soul. A bachelor from Canada turns back after having one averaged on the a A bachelor from Canada turns back after having one eye raked out by a limb, and the excursion votes to cut his acquaintance. A grocer from Saginaw gets mired in a swamp, and sly hints are thrown out that he came along with intent to spoil the excursion. The swamp is never nearer than three miles, and the route invariably includes three old slashings, half a dozen thickets, three brush fences, two creeks, two swamps and a cow with a bell on. There is always a geologist in the party, and when he calls a swamp-ash tree a basswood it is in a tone which admits of no dispute. The ornithologist points to a blue-jay searching for his breakfast and informs the excursion that wood-peckers live to be fifteen years old and are of a retiring be fifteen years old and are of a retiring disposition. The botanist digs up a lond wild-tulip root and parcels it out under the name of sarsaparilla, and there are loud burts of applause as the forest suddenly opens and admits a landscape composed of a log school-house, a yoke of oxen and a small boy with the brim of his nat chewed off by mosquitoes.

The swamp is generally reached by noon, and the first thing in order is to sit down in the brush and eat some mashed pickles, crumbled cake, rancid bread and butter and fuzzy-looking corn-

bread and butter and fuzzy-looking corn-beef put up in the hotel dining-room. With one season's experience an intelligent excursionist can separate a lunch eon from the flies and mosquitoes and pass the latter to the fat woman from Grand Rapids, who thinks it would be just too sweet for anything to live in a

cave with a bear. A huckleberry swamp need not neces-sarily contain any huckleberries, but most of them contain from three to five. They are reached after a push through a thicket, a wade through a swamp and a climb over a windfall. Sometimes they are a hundred rods apart, but are generally found in close company in the vicinity of a good place for snakes. Having secured the from three to five berries and placed each one in a ten-quart pail or a peck basket, the grocer from Saginaw suddenly inquires what infernal fool invented this pionic? The theological student braces up at this and charges the fat woman with having lured him to destruction. She retaliates by calling the blonde school-teacher from Chicago a romantic fool, and by the time it gets around to the botanist h struggles up out of the windfall and offers to knock the geologist's head off for the small sum of a nickle, and give him six months' credit at that. When the excursion gets back to the hotel they meet the band who went out to see the hidden lake, and found only a dead cades" and found nothing but a mudboy say that he had seen a creek with a "shiner" in it somewhere in the next the veranda and lies like a trooper about his weight, appetite and comfort, and declares that he already feels twenty years younger.—Detroit Free Press.

We received vesterday morning alarming news from Hilo as to the advance of the lava. It is most certain that one or more of the streams into which the flow is divided will push forward to the sea, doing great mischief, even if it does not overwhelm the town of Hilo. The flow which was nearest to the Waiakea plantation homestead broke out suddenly, while Messrs. Kennedy and Charles Richardson were inspecting it on Sun-day, the 26th ult. A stream of lava, liquid as water, and glowing with a white heat, broke from the face of the flow and ran down a narrow and tortuous gulch, nearly a mile in length, making such speed that the visitors had to make haste to avoid it. At the foot of the gulch is a hollow which often fills up with water, making a lagoon. This is now being filled with lava, and has checked the onward flow which had threatened the mill and other buildings at Waiakea in such a manner as to lead the manager to remove all portable stores, and to take measures to be in readiness to remove the plant itself to a place of safety.

Toward the end of the week, how-

ever, the supply of lava seems to have slackened somewhat, and hopes are en-tertained that if the flat now being overflowed should be filled up the stream may pass forward to the sea without destroying the mill. There are two out-lets for it. One of these is by a gulch a little more than half a mile on the Puna side of Hilo-by this route the lava would pass comparatively harmlessly to the sea by way of the course of the Wa-iolama stream. The other is a shallow gulch known as Kuhuao, and lies nearer to Waiakea, and there is much reason to fear that if this channel is taken by the lava, it will quickly fill up thegulch and overflow the level ground, and destroy the plantation buildings. The fields of growing cane are not threatened, the lava being now past them and at a level considerably below them. Crushing is being carried on with the utmost vigor in order to get as much work as possible done beforehand in case of untoward results to the mill.

The natives have cleared out their habitations in the neighborhood, and are also leaving Hilo. The town itself is not menaced by the flow just described, but there is another one which, if it breaks out in a similar manner, mustoverwhelm a large part of the town, its course being directly for the main street.—Honolulu Commercial Advertiser.

10.0 FEET - ERECT 100 THE THE PARTY TO THE WASHINGTON AND ASSESSED.